

Grange
July 28th, 1919

Dear Folks,

A pause at last and
it is about time or you'll be thinking
I never got out of the 14th celebration
in Paris. They were very fine and
thanks to a roving and inquisitive
disposition, a fair athletic training
and some strong armed backing by
our allies at critical points, I was
lucky enough to see about all
the main features and a lot of
side issues.

Sunday afternoon we saw
Foch, Joffre, & Petain. Presented with

swords by the city. Had a good look
at them all three and such a funny
time with the crowd, whose dealings
with the police and soldiers I had
known by reputation only.

That night we had a good look
at decorations, illuminations, etc and
such masses of people settling down
everywhere along the march route
to stay all night - benches, baskets, chairs,
cushions, blankets.

We decided a little sleep
wouldn't do us any harm but were
lined up in the morning and watching
our chance. Soon as some one
faints, you follow the train they carry
him out for air and find yourself

close enough to the curb to see
most things without a periscope.
Some time I'll go into details on
that parade but even the fullest
telling looks dull. I was proud as
punch over our boys in both appearance
& behavior and Pershing himself
was perfect - just the right mixture
of pride, affability and grace. As
one of the French papers put it "like
an equestrian statue which marches."

Of course the three great Frenchmen
and their staff headed the line and
wept with emotion on leading their
lines through the famous arc de Triomphe
and down the Champs Elysees.
It was doubly impressive to me
because I've seen so few parades

and never any military ones except
the days and days of dusty lines of caissons
and weary marching men. This maybe
but the gilding of the bitter business of
war but it was impressive to a degree
especially the Arabs all in white
except for their dusky faces and
mounted on wonderful white horses
with scarlet saddles.

The British banners were massed
close together and made the bravest
show of all. The French carried bunches
of flowers tied to the ends of their bayonets
so that glancing across and up the
street it was a moving flower
garden on long stems. Their banners
seemed more scattered just because
each of the twenty some armies carried
its own. Some of it was pretty tragic

two for several were known to be carried by absolute strangers because all of the original command and all replacements had been wiped out and only the banniers was left.

Montford did not come back with us — left last week for Poland and he makes a big hole in things round here. These last three days the hole has widened horribly by the departure of Kitty Russell, Ed. Webster and Cheston Carey. These of the best friends I had here so I'm feeling quite lonely — or would if I were not so furiously busy.

19th & 20th we had a Conference here which was one of the best and liveliest things I've ever attended — an exchange of ideas on why we came, why we

stay on, what we hope to do with
the gains in insight & experience we
have gotten, etc. - it really was wonderful
I wish you could have been here for this
is the most varied and interesting
group of people I ever worked with
and the lack of many ordinary con-
farts, conveniences, liberties, etc. seems
negligible and the type of communitarian
life, successful beyond reasonable ex-
pectations - rather a trump for
socialism to see as one speaker
put it the cranks and social outcasts
of 7 nations living & working so
successfully together. Some of it
could scarcely carry over beyond
an emergency method of living

but I think we are very poor stuff
if we don't live up to some of it.

One concrete move set in
motion was the formulation of a
hope that all the branches of Quakers
back home, join and a definite
request for the move from this group.

Henry Hodgkin was a great
addition to the conference. Do you
know him at all.

This last week end was a quite
frivolous one. Finished up our long
run with the huckster car - the 90
mile run (over these roads that means
something too) at Varenne. and followed
the 30 some Earlhamites & their guests
of which I was one + my Oregon partner
at the wheel, another, to the woods
up near the Crown Princess dugout

We had a wonderful camp supper
sang around the fire after it, then
back to Varennes for a good dance.

On the way home Cheddi Carey & I
dropped off at Parois to foot it over to
Dombasle as I was due there for Sunday
and to our great disgust it was
6 kilometres instead of 2. Neither of us
had done it except on motor bicycles
and it sounded short & anyway this
unit does no pleasure miles as
such. ^{+ that mile is really lived up to} so it was up to us not
take the huckster car out of its direct
path for our pleasure. I'd have jolly
well forgotten that rule & year had I
realized the distance.

Next day the boys finished their packing
or most of it before lunch, got into

civilian clothes (first time I ever saw
them thusly & it is a great change) and
they & Margaret Helen, a little English
chambermaid & good pal of mine, packed
our foot up to the pines at the top
of a nearby hill and cooked both
meals there and expected to get
quite rested up - but no - we just
laughed ourselves to bits for
Webster is so solemn and so funny
and Chuddie laughs so hard he weeps
tears all down his face and has to
catch them with a towel. They have
both been over here more than 2 yrs
and were almost hysterical over
going - so excited about going
and yet so cut up about pulling

out before the job is really
done. Well, if we hadn't all been
just such idiots we would have
been solemn & mournful and I
prefer the extreme we took. ^{next}
^{week} Margaret goes too. ^{300!} ^{two!}
This week is very full too -

today I've cleared off my desk thanks
to early start, - came down ^{from Combasle} at 5.08
with the boys on the Paris train &
walked over from Clermont. all
the hole. squipe stuff here to unpack
& sort as it arrived last Thursday
in the midst of our first maintenance
sept. Conference and so they just
dumped it into the warehouse any
old way.

went up to avocourt this P.M.

with sloc - new equipe just moving
into the 1st ~~house~~ built in that desolate
spot between Varennes and Montfaucon.

Thursday + Friday Bates & I are
to make a 2 day run with cannon
& stuff to Atigny, Monzon & Am
and I hope to spend Sunday at
Grand Pre with Florentin.

I am the laughing stock of the
Mission just now because I frosted
my ears last Wednesday on the long
run in that wet cold driving rain.
Too ridiculous for words - July in
sunny France - but it is so just the
same and it is too uncomfortable
to be very funny either. Like my
job just the same

How I'd like to have been along
for the Millers tea and then the dance.
You know when I do begin to collect
my baggage + move I shall be even
crazier than these two men

I am disgusted over my
miserable French - it seems not
to improve at all - natural outcome
of my change of job but too bad just
the same.

Miss Baker tells me some G. S.
news once in a while. She is great
fun to have around - enjoying it a lot
and very much needed on that
embroidery.

Lights are flickering - meaning out
in 2 minutes. Goodnight
with lots of love
Burlah